

## ABOUT Plays and Players

By HIDE DUDLEY

WILLIAM MORRIS will open the new Eva Tanguay show Sept. 20 at the Lyric. In Miss Tanguay's company will be Charles J. Ross, who will present a feature act and will also be seen with the excellent comedienne, as it were, in a travesty on "Salome." His other role will fit out the bill. Mr. Morris says that about the first of the year he may arrange for Miss Tanguay to return to musical comedy. He will handle the present Tanguay variety show just as he handles the Harry Lauder company.

### MAUDE'S PLAY RENAMED

Cyril Maude has decided to change the name of his new play from "The Harbor of Mariposa" to "Jew," the latter being the name of the character he will assume. The play is a dramatization by Michael Morton of Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches."

### BY WAY OF DIVERSION

When I go to the beach to swim I cause a mild sensation. I'm lean of face and spare of limb—in fact, a revelation to those who wonder how a man can live and be so skinny. A giggle comes from Mary Ann and Sue and Kate and Minnie. Yet Mary Ann, with corsets off, is anything but pretty, and Sue, who seems to want to scold, looks like a crumpled city, while Kate and Minnie are a team of faded sort of swimmers. Without their powder and cold cream, to say the least, they are not what they were. Oh, why should women be so proud in Sunday-go-to-meeting when bathing costumes show the crowd that they've been fudging—cheating? To see me on the beach at play is worth a lot of money, but women, I'm constrained to say, look seven times as funny.

### A PAVLOWA ACROSTIC

Anna Pavlova, at the Hippodrome, has received an acrostic which is worth printing. She doesn't know who sent it, but she's much obliged just the same. Here it is:

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### PRECIOUS TOOK A NAP

Precious is a little dog, of the Pekinese variety, that helps support Ann Murdock in "Please Help Emily" at the Lyceum. His salary is nine bones a week—and while that joke may be an old one, we think it fits in very nicely here. In the play Precious has to be held up by the customs authorities at Odessa. If Fresh were to miss this game, the second act would be left pretty much on the bun, or frill, if you wish. He's very important—oh, thoroughly so. Now let's go ahead with the story.

Well, Fresh was missed the other night. There was the customs man all ready to hold him up and no little cutesy to be so held. Around and around went stage hands, actors and others behind the scenes, all looking for Fresh. Just as the customs man was about to add lib a dog situation, the Pekinese was found. But wait—we'd better stop right here and say that Charles Cherry is in the "Emily" company. All right—now, as we were saying, Fresh was found.

### BOLIVAR BROWN SAYS

The half and half animal who wobbles and howls when it is hungry. When a half runs its hind legs as fast as its front ones, it falls down. The half is the daughter of a half and a half, and he says nice stuff, but it never does no good. The half kicked my father and ran over to the other kow. When my father got out of the mud my mother luffed and so did I. My father licked me for both of us. The half ain't got any teeth to chew his milk, so he swallows it hole. My mother says the half belongs to the quarter family, but our belongs to the Brown family.

### GOSSIP

Anna Held has returned from Atlantic City, where she visited Lillian Russell.

E. A. Bachelder is to go ahead of Mr. Tabinoff's Boston National Grand Opera Company.

Robert M. Harris is in charge of the New Fields offices while Mr. Fields is in Chicago with "Step This Way."

Broadway hears that portions of the present edition of the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" will go into vaudeville.

Jack Gardner, husband of Louise Dresser, is trying out a new talking and singing act in vaudeville.

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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**SKIMO WORKMEN in the Arctic Circle are striking for an eight-hour day.**

In a recent decision by the Dunktown courts, restaurateurs can not be held liable for damages by patrons who cut themselves with knives while eating pie.

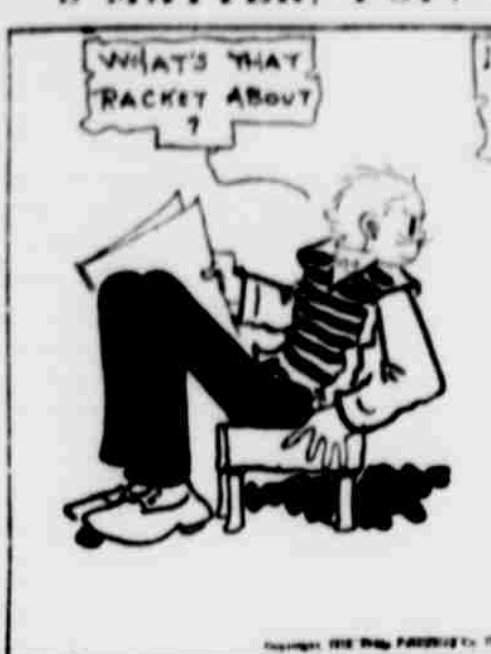
From advance styles received from Paris, indications point to the fact that hats will be worn hollow this season.

Pianos are now being made with leather handles so they will not slip out of the player's grasp.

One of the easiest jobs in the world is calling out the stations on an ocean liner.

Numerous are the uses of a Rostopiltze inventor's soup periscope which can be utilized as a vest puller, hat creaser, whisker detector or converted into a speedometer and attached to snail.

## 'S MATTER, POP?



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER

As an Impartial Umpire, We Rule That Henry Came Out Ahead in This Argument!

By Bud Counihan



## FLOOEY AND AXEL

Looks as if the "Big Mex." Was a Bit Late to Lunch!

By Vic



## MINUTE MOVIES

By James C. Young

### Temperament

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WILLIE waiting to go on in "The Perils of Iphigenia." Title of the films met Mrs. Salmon.

"mother" of the company.

"Why, how are you, you dear old dear?" exclaimed Tillie.

"Don't 'old dear' me," was the caustic answer. "It is not so long since I was doing my part in Shakespeare, and that's more than many a one can say."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Tillie, "perhaps some of us will never act again."

"What's this? What's this?" interposed Simon Blatz, the president, coming upon the scene. "Why are you women always quarrelling? Every day it is the same thing."

"But they are not quarrelling, Mr. Blatz," remarked the heavy man, as he joined the little group. "It is merely the feminine way of showing affection. I assure you. Presently you will see them wiping away the tears and pledging lifelong friendship. Come, Tillie, aren't you going to cry for us?"

"Go away, I hate you," responded the young heroine. "Mrs. Salmon and I were not quarrelling. We are ladies, and ladies never quarrel."

"There, now, I am to blame," said the heavy man. "I knew it. The fault is all mine."

"Well, well, let's forget it," replied Mr. Blatz, who shrinks from a scene, although he deals in them.

"Yes, let's do," agreed Mrs. Salmon. "Tillie, I forgive you."

"Forgive me?" came from that lady. "Indeed, you are kind. It would be better to ask pardon for a rude answer."

"Me ask your pardon?" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon, "me, who am old enough to be your mother. Not much."

"Ah, at last Mrs. Salmon admits her age," said Tillie, clapping her hands in glee. "I am glad these gentlemen heard the confession."

"Get away from me, you little cat," stormed Mrs. Salmon, verging on the violent.

"Ladies, please," interposed Mr. Blatz.

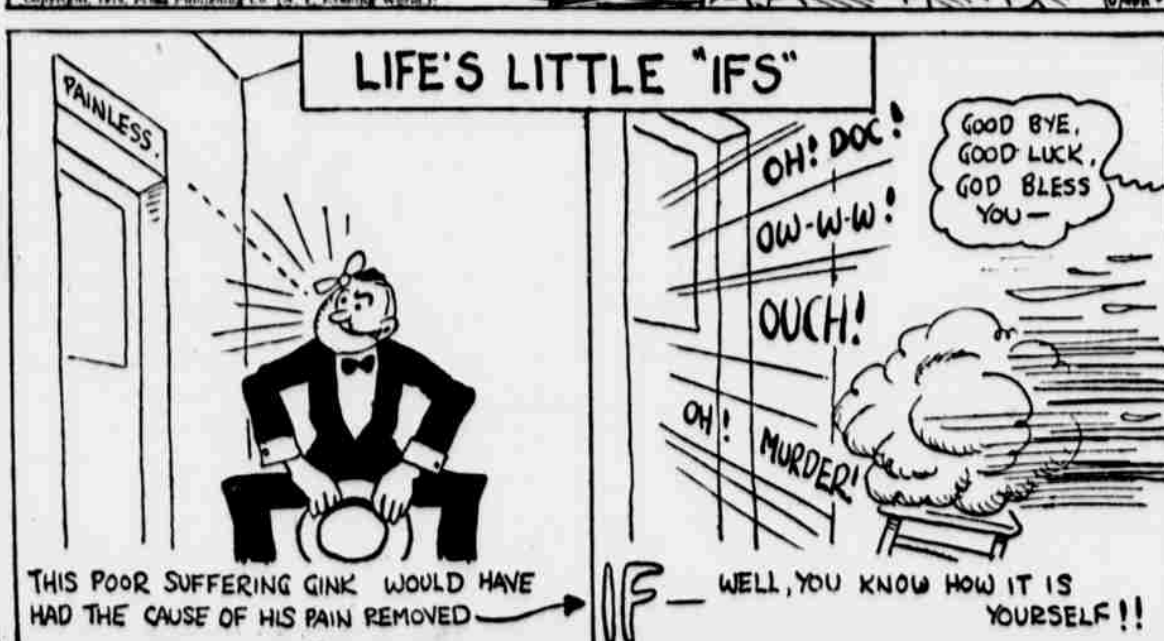
"Ladies nothing," continued Mrs. Salmon. "No telephone girl can tell me what to do."

The tragedian whispered into the ear of Mr. Blatz: "Quick, leave them. They'll be crying in a minute, ruin their make-up and spoil a reel."

Mr. Blatz fled. He is a business man.

## WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan



## MOLLIE OF THE MOVIES

By Alma Woodward

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SCENE—Studio of the Gloria Film Co. (somewhere in the distance a lower class actress is seen. Various members of the company show signs of collapse from extreme hunger. The director, oblivious to the misery around him, continues directing.)

**VOICE** (surreptitiously)—Ah, have a heart!

Director (looking at watch)—Just that one bit over again and we'll quit for lunch. Ready! All right. Half hour—and everybody be ready directly after for the scene where Lord Dare's house party comes into the ancestral hall, for afternoon tea, after the ice skating contests. Sweaters and wool caps.

Mollie—What're you going to do about the contest scene, boss? Where're you going to get ice in this weather?

Director—Oh, we'll use some old stock stuff taken last year in Montreal. Go on now and eat—'cause we've got a lot to accomplish this afternoon.

Mollie (resentfully)—Now don't you go and hurry me at my meals. I'm not going to stand for it any more. I've got indigestion fierce—regular old home week my stomach's having. I had to go to the doctor's and get a prescription and everything—all on account of the way you make me eat my lunch. No more ham sandwiches and vinegar pickles for me. The doctor says it's an outrage the stuff we eat. He made out a list for me.

Company (crowding about)—List? What kind of a list?

Mollie (with pride)—A list of what I ought to eat at lunch, so that I won't have to advertise for a perfectly good, new stomach when I'm forty, or so.

Director (coffing)—Let's see the list (examines it). "Cheerfulness! Where are you going to get cheerfulness in August?"

Mollie (with dignity)—He says I've got to eat them because they contain 7 per cent. of fats and 74 per cent. of carbohydrates.

Director (jeering)—How do you do it, "Macaroni"? Well, chance you've got of getting macaroni in that joint across the street.

Mollie (almost in tears)—Macaroni has 15 per cent. of fats and 15.5 per cent. of carbohydrates—and I'm going to get something that's on that list, no matter what it costs. I'm not going to lose all my sweet plumpness and get haggard and starved looking. No one's going to put me on the down-and-out list just for the sake of a little macaroni and chestnuts.

Director (giving back the list)—Well, I wish you joy. Me for a juicy onion sandwich and a seld of dark beer.

(Mollie sends Claude, the general messenger, in quest of fats and carbohydrates. The other girls fish queer packages of stuff from hiding places and start to eat.)

Mollie (mouth watering)—Jennie, how many fats do you suppose that dill pickle has that you're eating? Jennie (speech impeded by pickle)—I should worry!

Mollie (solemnly)—Well, you may not worry now, Jennie. But you will twenty years from now, when you have to have all your drinking water boiled and pepsin in your coffee.

Mollie (not disturbed)—Aw, my grandmother lived on cabbage and spars ribs up to the time she was ninety-two—then she took to pig's knuckles. And my grandfather never ate a meal without scallions—he's a pretty live member yet—at ninety-five.

Mollie (in distress)—How can you tell you've inherited their stomachs? You're taking an awful chance.

(Claude returns with some chestnuts, wholly holes—and a dusty pan of macaroni. He puts them before Mollie. She takes a look.)

Mollie (softly, after a minute)—Jennie, I really don't believe that demons lurk in dill pickles. Do you?

Jennie (slyly)—No, of course not. Have one?

Mollie (quickly)—Yeh. And certainly chocolate layer cake is wholesome—it's got eggs and butter in it.

Jennie (handing over the delectable combination)—They're especially nourishing when eaten together.

Mollie (munching away delightedly)—Yeh, that's what I think—carbohydrates may be germs for all I know!

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